Nothing For It...

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Nothing For It...

by Phenobarbital

Summary

Prompt : I started pretending to dirty talk to you an hour ago and it stopped being pretending 58 minutes ago

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...not thinking to consult Hannibal on the matter, Will went ahead with venting his anger and he thudded the headboard against the wall again, before pressing his lips together and letting out a loud humming moan, which he trailed off into an ‘aaah’ sound as he parted his lips. He didn’t even glance behind him, totally missing the startled and intrigued look on Hannibal’s face as he made another humming moan and thudded the headboard lightly again.

Notes

- So Cinnamaldeide showed me a bunch of prompts for accidental Hannigram sex the other day and I was inspired to do my first prompt ever! Which just so happens to also be my first completely smut-esque fic actually. Anyway, it was fun and I hope readers enjoy!
- This is not beta read, so any mistakes are mine!

See the end of the work for more notes

Nothing for it...

It had been a weird day so far and it was steadily getting worse, by Will's estimation anyway.

Early that cold Monday morning Jack had called about a dead body in Raleigh, North Carolina, which had left Will dragging himself out of bed after a(nother) night of restless sleep. He'd made a quick, mostly impersonal call to Alana to ask her to check on his dogs, before taking a hot –but too short to be relaxing- shower and dressing up for the overcast, wet weather awaiting him all along the eastern side of the country.

Great way to the start the day, you know; under-slept, ill-warmed and unfed.

Jack had told him he'd be picked up for the trip at least, so he wouldn't have to risk driving feeling as super shitty as he did. It was the usual procedure when the murders weren't committed so far away, that a flight was not necessary to get there, however Will had not been expecting to get picked up at all, least of all by Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

Kind of awkward – for Will- after only knowing each other for about a month and a half, their greetings had been stiff, awkward, amused and warm, respectively, as Will had climbed into the white rental Nissan Maxima, which, Will had to admit to himself, was a great choice of car for a 280 mile drive through rain and wind. But even so, it did nothing to relieve the tension of the fact that he had to spend 4 hours in a car with his too intelligent, too perceptive, too attractive and too unreadable partially pseudo-therapist.

Luckily though, Will, as he was wont to do for some bizarre reason, relaxed completely in Lecter's presence and found himself asleep about forty five minutes into the peacefully quiet, calm and

heater warmed drive. He experienced some irritation at having fallen asleep when it was Doctor Lecter who gently woke him up with a light but firm hand settled on his upper arm when they arrived at the crime scene in Raleigh, but his irritation faded quickly when Doctor Lecter handed him a thermal travel mug, the coffee contents of which were still warm enough to enjoy and were even somewhat rejuvenating.

He'd been groggy as he sat up straight in the passenger seat, rubbing at his face a bit before he drank some of his thoughtfully prepared beverage, wondering why sleeping in his own house never came to him as easily as it just had in the car with Hannibal Lecter. It'd taken a moment for him to get his bearings, blinking out at the rain battered windshield, before he'd hunched his shoulders and prepared himself to follow Doctor Lecter, who had stepped out into the steadily falling rain about a minute before. But even the misery of getting rain soaked, that he'd bolstered himself to endure, didn't come, because when he'd opened the door and stepped out of the car, it was to Hannibal Lecter waiting for him patiently on the passenger side of the car with a large black umbrella placed in just the right way to prevent Will from getting wet.

He'd been able to think of little else to do at the time other than to thank the Doctor in an awkward but surprised and grateful mumble, before he'd closed the car door and they had approached the crime scene up ahead of them together, walking step for step while Will tried with difficulty not to stride ahead of Hannibal's tall, lean figure. The man was calm and composed and unbothered by the miserable weather, because of course he was, while Will was inwardly cringing over his disdain and discomfort with life in general, quickly swallowing a few aspirin from the container in his pants pocket and chasing the pills with a gulp of expensive coffee as he stared at the gathering of cars, officers and stretches of police tape up ahead.

Nothing new for him really. Another day, another dead body and another headache.

The thing about Lecter's presence though, that Will both noted starkly but also didn't find himself overthinking for the most part, was that when he was around the older man, he didn't feel the need to pretend to be nice and he didn't feel like he needed to appear 'stable' or comfortable around people. At some point since they'd met, he'd realized that it didn't matter if he was twitching, trembling or sweating, or clenching his fists and his jaw and every muscle in his body, in a manner quite like he was afflicted with some sort of Tourette's, or if he was rolling his eyes and just barely managing not to snap at the other officers and Jack himself, around the Doctor, because Hannibal never made him feel like there was something terribly wrong with him.

In fact, the only look Hannibal ever gave him when he'd say something darkly humorous, sarcastic or insensitive to the people around him, was an amused look, and when he was twitching and avoiding eye contact or staring at something in the distance, there'd be some concern, interest and occasionally even some mild affection and warmth in the older man's countenance toward him when the Doctor would draw his attention with a quiet word of his name, but never more than that.

Never anything judgmental or pitying.

Hannibal's outward assessment of him never seemed to go beyond those feelings though, not from what Will could glean anyway, and for that reason, he was naturally more comfortable around Hannibal than he'd been around anyone else in *years*. Even Alana couldn't keep the pity and occasional embarrassment for him out of her feelings and tone of voice when they talked –to each other or her to someone else-, especially after they'd kissed two weeks back, since then it actually

seemed to be in every glance, forced touch and hug she doled out and was only just concealed in their brief –always professional- conversations.

And he accepted it from her, as he did from most people he knew, because he wasn't really used to anything else. But it was different with Hannibal, because the man hadn't even made him feel pathetic or embarrassed after he'd driven an hour from Wolf Trap to Baltimore to tell the older man that he'd kissed Alana.

Nope, Hannibal had just seemed vaguely confused at first, and then he'd seemed amused and overall dismissive about it, as if it were no more than a small thing that Will needn't have panicked about, having made Will feel like he was overreacting …which he had been, he later realized.

Since then, since Hannibal had dismissed the kiss between himself and Alana as if it were little more than Will needing a little anchorage at the time to help him focus on reality and ease his racing mind, he'd been finding himself more comfortable and more trusting of Hannibal, appreciating the lack of judgment or pity in the older man's interactions with him, appreciating being treated like a person and not the walking case of neurosis that everyone else saw…

…appreciating that Hannibal called him 'friend'.

Will didn't have many actual friends, friends were difficult to have and maintain and get along with being the way he was, but in being friends with Hannibal, where a pretense wasn't necessary, he found parts of his personality he usually kept repressed way down deep, coming through more and more. Because beneath everything that was wrong with him, Will did have a strong personality; he had likes and dislikes, he had attitude and curiosity and boldness, opinions about certain things and interests in others, there were things he enjoyed about life and even, to a smaller degree, about himself, and things he didn't agree with and wasn't okay with letting slide, and so on.

And as that day, that long tiring day, wore on, with people and colleagues annoying and judging him, taking mumbled shots at him and giving him unimpressed and unsettled looks as he did his unusual job, he absently exposed Hannibal to more and more of himself, to more of his strange personality.

At lunch for instance, when they'd ordered coffee from a local coffee shop and had sat against the hood of the rented Nissan in a parking lot to eat the delicious lunch sandwiches Hannibal had prepared, Will had let his rarely chatty side emerge after being so quiet and tense all morning, and he'd talked to Hannibal throughout their shared meal. He'd talked about many things, some related to work, the case and psychology, and others not, he'd actually felt like he was rambling about nonsense at one point, absolutely certain he'd even made a reference to professional wrestling for some reason. But throughout lunch and the afternoon of forensics and serial psychology discussion and investigation that had followed, Hannibal had met his conversation, dark distraction, humor and mutterings with amiable, helpful, encouraging and intuitive comments, opinions and many subtle smirks, smiling slightly as if delighted to find Will had a lighter and more aggressive side to him, a side that wasn't shrouded in paranoia and self-deprecation.

And Will had found that he *really* liked it, he'd really enjoyed Hannibal's –subtly overwhelming- company, which was happening so often these days he wasn't sure he wouldn't badly miss it if he ever lost it.

After the crime scene evidence had been thoroughly picked apart by himself and forensics and discussed to death by the necessary people, everything was being cleared up and they'd all spent most of the evening interviewing locals and suspects at houses and the nearest police station, it was late evening, nearing 11 PM and Hannibal and Will settled into the car for the long drive back.

However, as the weather would have its assholish way with Will's life, an hour or so into the drive back, the steady rain turned into an all-out downpour, an actual god damned full on thunderstorm which covered the car windshield in sheets of rain so heavy that the wipers weren't really keeping up and the car vibrated from the aftereffects of bright lightning and rumbling thunder.

Hannibal made the decision soon after, that continuing to drive in the awful weather was a bad idea, and Will didn't disagree, because fuck it, he didn't want to be the next dead body found in North Carolina within twenty four hours. So at the next motel stop, a Budget Host Inn in Henderson, which was a reasonably large place that didn't look too shabby by any standards, Hannibal turned into the full parking lot and drove slowly through the rows of cars, leaning slightly forward to see better, until he came across an open spot and he pulled in, switching off the car and leaving them in silence aside from the pouring rain outside.

Will sighed then, taking his cell phone out of his pocket as he glanced out through the passenger window and saw nothing but blurry lights and many shadowed car exteriors catching said light, and he was actually surprised that the motel sign hadn't said *No Vacancy* considering that the parking lot was so packed.

"I hope they have rooms available." he said exasperatedly as he quickly typed out a text to Alana to let her know he'd only be back mid-morning so she would pop over to see to the dogs in the morning, and then he glanced over at Hannibal who had gathered all of his affects, including the umbrella, and had his hand on the car door handle, ready to get out,

"I do think it's best we move quickly," he offered Will one of his half smiles in the moderate dark of the car, "haste will serve us better than hope." he added, and then he opened his door and stepped out, the sound of the rain not loud enough to prevent Will from hearing the umbrella open just before the door was closed again.

A second later he reached over to the backseat to grab his emergency overnight bag, and then he quickly exited the car as well…to Hannibal waiting with the umbrella.

The motel's 'lobby' was on the small side, as most tended to be, and evidence of the amount of traffic they'd seen that evening was all over the gray tiled floor in the form of numerous different wet, muddy brown footprints smeared across the walkway to the reception desk. Will added his own to the mess as he stepped inside, Hannibal just behind him, and as the older man shook the umbrella off courteously, Will held the door for him, only letting it go once Hannibal stepped inside and they both walked further in.

There was a young man carrying a bucket and mop into the room just then and he visibly grimaced at the sight of more wet footsteps to clean up. Hannibal offered him a quiet apology and smile, which appeased the boy somewhat, while Will completely ignored him and made his way to the reception desk where a woman, probably in her late thirties, was waiting, sipping from a cup of coffee and already paging through the motel's guest book for the last sign in.

She hadn't looked up though, not until Will was right across from her at the desk, distractedly handing his overnight bag to Hannibal when the older man reached over and basically took it off his shoulder before he could protest, and when he looked back to her and met her eyes ever so briefly over the frame of his specs, he immediately noticed how she glanced from him to Hannibal and back again with discomfort and tension quickly settling in her brow and around her thin lips. He just blinked at her, a frown twitching on to his own face from the hostility that he doubted only he was detecting from her.

After a few seconds of uncomfortable silence and tension, and the wet swish and stick of the mop on the tiles behind them, she set her coffee cup down and cleared her throat a bit obviously, raising her eyebrows as she said,

"We only have one room left; it's a single." in a voice laced with disapproval and curt dismissal, as if the decision that they wouldn't take the room was hers to make, and Will was flooded then with the uninterrupted output of her hectic and blatant homophobic feelings, which immediately got his hackles up.

And not because she assumed he and Hannibal weren't platonic friends or colleagues, because he understood why she might assume that, as they'd arrived together in the late of night; walking close under the same umbrella held for them by Hannibal, their familiar interaction and proximity as the older man took Will's bag and was presently standing just behind and to the side of him now, close enough that he could smell the Doctor's expensive cologne, and they clearly weren't related, so yeah, he could see it, but he was pissed because she was so *deeply* homophobic that it was practically radiating off of her *and* she was acting on her homophobia as if she had every right to.

Will wasn't going to let her get away with it.

Since there was almost no reason to assume they were colleagues, with Hannibal in a three piece suit and long coat and Will in jeans, layers of flannel and a dark canvas jacket, certainly not appearing as though they worked in the same line of business, Will decided to take advantage of that. Because even though he didn't personally think they came across particularly *couple-like*, and he could have shut down her assumption easily enough, especially considering she only had one single room available and he and Hannibal were not quite familiar enough to share a room, let alone a friggen' bed, and he should say *no thanks*, walk out and then drive to the nearest Motel 6… she'd pissed him off too much, so he wasn't going to give her the satisfaction of seeing them leave.

"We'll take it." he said with calm, easy confidence, looking straight into her eyes and not even glancing back to see what Hannibal thought about it, since he felt that would be a give-away.

Much to his enjoyment, the woman tensed up, her face twitching irritably as she glanced between them again, more outwardly uncomfortable now and she almost couldn't help herself when she said,

"The room only has one double be-…"

"I know what a single room means." Will cut her off abruptly, and was about to reach for his wallet in his pants pocket when Hannibal's arm stretched out beside him –close enough to brush against him and to press his chest to the back of Will's shoulder- and in his slender, finely veined hand he held out a pristine black credit card together with his driver's license beneath it, to the woman behind the counter, whose eyes widened at the sight before she looked up at Hannibal.

"For the night please, thank you." the older man said in his no nonsense, authoritative tone –which Will had never quite managed to find in his own voice-, and Will glanced back then to find the older man's one eyebrow cocked expectantly at the woman, before Hannibal looked at him and they shared a small pleased and *knowing* smile.

Now openly annoyed and uncomfortable, the woman stiffly reached for the credit card and license and took them carefully right at the edge, as if she was worried she might touch Hannibal's *gay* fingers. Will couldn't say he was surprised though, a lot of people down south were still greatly homophobic, most of them just hid it better.

Will was still glaring daggers at her as she began the process of booking them in, when Hannibal stepped forward to be right –close- beside him, placing a light hand where it was visible on his shoulder,

"We'll have the key in the meantime, please." the Doctor said to her, and it wasn't even a question, a detail that the woman recognized just as easily as Will did. Hannibal was taking control of the situation from her completely, and she huffed in agitation before she glanced over to the young man, who'd returned to sit behind the counter, gesturing with her eyes for him to get the single key that was hanging on the wall rack.

The boy didn't seem to give much of a shit either way, and he got up to retrieve the key without a fuss before handing it to Hannibal a moment later without hesitation.

The older man turned to Will then and they looked at each other in closer proximity than ever before, Will forcing himself to hold the older man's gaze confidently,

"Go ahead to the room while I finish up here, Will," he said in a tone that Will realized was purposely intimate –and yet somehow not that different from the way Hannibal usually spoke to him -, "perhaps take a hot shower to warm up." he advised with a fond look in his eyes. And when he handed Will the overnight bag while simultaneously stroking a firm hand down the length of his arm, Will realized two things; he was really fucking cold, almost shivering, and Hannibal was happily playing along with making the motel's receptionist assume they were a couple.

Apparently she'd pissed them both off.

It made Will smile warmly at the older man and it was genuine with both mirth at their little game and with appreciation for Hannibal's concern and consideration of him.

"Okay, thanks…" he said sincerely, and even though he felt like a weak player at his own game now that Hannibal was doing a much better job of it, he at least managed to make himself sound inviting and affectionate when he added, "…don't be too long."

Hannibal smiled *very* sincerely pleased at him in response, watching as Will went back out into the cold with very hot cheeks.

When Hannibal arrived in the motel room five minutes later, Will, who hadn't opted to shower because it was a single room and the bathroom was open plan to the bedroom, was presently retrieving his long sleeping pants from inside his overnight bag, crouched down where the recently switched on aircon was overhead and set to heat. He'd stripped off his damp jacket, jersey, his shoes and socks and when he glanced at Hannibal, he immediately felt bad that he didn't have anything extra to offer Hannibal to wear.

He stood up and turned as Hannibal closed the door on the wind and rain, and Will held up his sleeping pants,

"I only have one extra pants." he said unhelpfully, feeling distinctly at a loss of what to do now that they were in fact alone inside a single room with only one bed, the fact that they'd have to end up sharing the bed awkwardly sinking in for him, because there was nowhere else to sleep besides one uncomfortable looking, small single seat couch in the corner.

His own inconsiderate behavior was catching up to him, making him feel bad as he realized he'd gotten the Doctor stuck in this mess with him. Will offered his pants to Hannibal, intending it to be some form of compensation, but when the older man politely declined, he dropped the pants into his bag with a sigh and rubbed his face tiredly. He was about to apologize to Hannibal for getting them into this situation, dragging his hands off his face and looking at the Doctor, but then he saw the older man smirking and he blinked in confusion.

"Something funny?" he asked, finding that he wanted to smile in response but he felt too uncertain still of what was going through Hannibal's mind right then.

"Just the thought of the expression of irritation and agitation on that woman's face when I left there just now," Hannibal said sounding sincerely amused as he set all of his belongings; cell phone, keys, wallet, etcetera, down on the low TV stand and began shrugging off his coat, "I didn't realize it as immediately as you did that she was so terribly homophobic," he admitted, neatly folding his coat over the chair in the corner, "but once I did, I couldn't help but join in on your charade."

Will snorted, irritated all over again thinking about the receptionist as he looked with his own wealth of disgust and disdain at the wall beyond which was the motel reception,

"She wasn't even trying to pretend otherwise." he said shortly with almost clenched teeth and begun undoing the button of his dark green and black flannel shirt, glancing over at Hannibal when the man chuckled softly,

"I noticed…" he agreed, having removed his suit jacket and was working on the buttons of his waistcoat, "…and I believe that she was even more disgruntled because the only room available was this one, which is right next to the reception." Hannibal placed his waistcoat neatly over his coat and jacket, smiling all the while.

But at his words, Will stilled with his hands on the second to last button of his shirt and he narrowed his eyes thoughtfully, plotting. He had been so cold, blushing and distracted when he'd left the reception that he hadn't taken a moment to notice that their room was in fact attached to the motel reception by little more than a thin wall.

He supposed, as it often went in motels, the staff would always book out the far rooms first, for their comfort as well as the guests, but as there'd only been one room left and Will and Hannibal were there to take it, she'd had no actual choice or reason –aside from her own prejudices- to rent it to them.

She was probably not the owner of the place firstly, and secondly, money was money, she couldn't turn them away.

"I imagine she is concerned for what homosexual activities she might overhear this evening," Hannibal was saying, "since with only a thin motel wall between this room and the reception, it would leave nothing to her imagination, even with the pouring rain." and Will was clenching his

teeth behind a tight, mean smile and moving toward the bed which was so perfectly set against the wall the room shared with reception.

Will knee walked to the middle of the blue flower patterned blanketed bed, and the fact that he was so comfortable in Hannibal's presence, enough to let his somewhat childish and ill-sensed humor show through, made it easy for him to place his hands against the cheap wooden headboard and knock it lightly against the wall.

Just a preliminary sound, to give the illusion that a large moving weight was now on the bed.

He grinned to himself, staring at the orange wall and the large generic painting above the bed.

Will knocked the headboard against the wall again a moment later, picturing in his mind the wide eyed incredulous look of horror on the receptionist's face at hearing the initial thuds. And oh, if she was worried about the '*homosexual activities'* she would be exposed to hearing on this night, Will was more than happy to give her exactly what she was expecting.

Once again, not thinking to consult Hannibal on the matter, Will went ahead with venting his anger and he thudded the headboard against the wall again, before pressing his lips together and letting out a loud humming moan, which he trailed off into an 'aaah' sound as he parted his lips.

He didn't even glance behind him, totally missing the startled and intrigued look on Hannibal's face as he made another humming moan and thudded the headboard lightly again. He was too busy imagining the horrified look on the woman's face to look back, knowing she'd be picturing it, in her mind likely assuming Will had been naked from the shower and hadn't a moment to dress before Hannibal had grabbed him and taken him to the bed.

And *oh yes! S*he'd know Hannibal's name, because it would have been on his license. Perfect!

"Hmmmmmaaah, Haaannibal!" Will moaned loudly, making himself sound as wanton and pitchy as possible as he began bumping the headboard against the wall more steadily, in rhythmic but slow thumps that suggested a good fucking was just getting started.

"Aah," thump, "aaaah," another thump, "aaah, fuuuck, yes!" thump, "Yesss, Hannibal!" two more thumps, closer together, "Aaah, fuck, baby," he was really getting into it now, his voice nice and throaty, the thumping steadier and firm against the wall, "so," thump, "deep, aah!"

He didn't hear Hannibal say his name in a tense and somewhat choked voice during one of his moans, or he might have stopped instead of getting further carried away.

"Fuck, aaah, harder, yes…Hannibal!" he was thumping the headboard over and over now, letting his voice carry over the sound, "Fuck me, like that, yes, umph!" he thumped a few times faster, nicely melding the sound of his voice and the imagined thrusting of Hannibal into him, "Hurts goood….baby, aah, don't stop!" and in his mind, he was picturing both the woman's horrified, scandalized expression as well as how she might be picturing Hannibal fucking him into the motel mattress.

She'd be typical enough to picture it happening doggy style, since she probably didn't have much of an idea about homosexual sex, so she'd see Will on his hands and knees, Hannibal fucking into him from behind, hard and fast.

"Aah, aaaah, hmmm, uuiih…" he thumped on and on, then…

"**Will**."

That time, he did hear Hannibal say his name and the hoarse gruffness of it gave him pause and made him flinch slightly, his entire body stilling and the thumping ceasing as he looked back over his shoulder at the older man with a questioning frown.

And then, in slow increments, Will's jaw slackened as he tracked his eyes over Hannibal, standing exactly where he'd been standing before Will had climbed onto the bed, with his dark purple button down undone, belt and pants fastenings still closed…but beneath the fabric of his charcoal gray subtle plaid patterned pants, at the front, protruding very obviously, was the hard and *substantial* outline of the Doctor's erect cock.

It was an awkward moment, as well as a moment that caused Will's entire body to flush with shock and heat, and through the lenses of his glasses he glanced from Hannibal's bulging erection to the older man's tense face in the dim white lamp-lighting of the motel room.

"Uh…" Will sounded out through his open, slack mouth, blinking a few times.

Hannibal inhaled deeply then, briefly closing his eyes before looking at Will evenly as he cleared his throat,

"I think you have *quite* made your point," he said stiffly, "perhaps you might desist now?" he added, sounding almost strained.

Will could hear only tension in the older man's voice, but if his aroused cock was anything to judge by –and Will thought it **most certainly** was- then hearing him say the older man's name, which he never did mind you, mixed in with sex sounds, had just made Hannibal Lecter horny as fuck.

Will had never even considered such a thing possible where the older man and himself were concerned, but now that he was witnessing his effect on Hannibal, there was a heady sense of power and satisfaction he felt knowing a man like Hannibal Lecter was attracted to him, found him desirable despite his myriad of issues and far from refined appearance. It was also worthy to note that his own cock felt heavier and thicker inside his jeans than it had just a moment earlier.

Feeling himself turned on quite suddenly, and even further emboldened to the point of earnest confidence by Hannibal's state of arousal for him, Will decided not to pass up an opportunity where it was so obviously presenting itself,

"I could…desist," he glanced back down to Hannibal's crotch and raised his eyebrows as his eyes drifted to half-mast, "or you could come here." he let a suggestive –albeit somewhat nervous- smile stretch across his lips and swallowed tensely, feeling ballsy but still uncertain.

After all, he'd just prepositioned his not-really psychiatrist who was somewhat-of-a-friend and he didn't know whether he'd get rejected on the basis of professionalism or platonic boundaries, or if he'd even be rejected at all.

God, he hoped not.

It'd been too long for him and the idea of getting laid that night by a hot-blooded, good looking, virile and predatory man like Hannibal Lecter was already sounding like the best thing that'd happen to him for a long time.

"Come there and do what?" Lecter asked raspily, but Jesus fucking Christ, he was now unfastening his belt as he tracked his *very* heated gaze over Will where he was kneeling on the bed and leaning against the headboard,

"You could," Will breathed out, palms getting damp against the headboard as he watched Hannibal pop the button of his pants, "you could come here..." he took another breath and cocked an eyebrow, "…and do me." he grinned then at his own teasing, forward words, but also because of the shark-like smile that cut across the Doctor's face as he drew his zipper down.

It was on now.

It took a few seconds to follow, during which Hannibal stepped out of his shoes and unceremoniously let his pants drop, before he leaned over to unzip the top of his small vanity bag, reaching inside to retrieve a tube of what looked like hand cream. And then he stepped out of his pants to walk over in only his underwear to the bed, where he very quickly knee-walked on the mattress, came up right behind Will and pressed his hips forward, his hard cock pushed flush against the crack of Will's jean clad ass.

Will exhaled a short breathy sound at the feeling of that hard thick, length pressing against him through the material of denim and cotton, and the next flurry of motion and fumbling was on both of their parts; Will using one hand to open his jeans fastenings hastily while Hannibal opened the hand cream with a loud click of the cap, the subtle scent of palmarosa filling the air. Will pushed his pants and underwear down then, until they were around his mid-thighs as Hannibal slicked his fingers up with a generous amount of the expensive cream.

The entire thing was impatient and so fucking hot; Will moaned, his eyes fluttering shut when Hannibal's creamy, hot hand slid down between his ass cheeks and the Doctor's skilled fingers rubbed over and against the tight, dry pucker of his hole in turns and together, while the older man's other hand slid into the open flaps of Will's flannel, pushing his off-white undershirt up to caress and grope at his firm naked chest.

Their breathing was heavy now, and when Hannibal slid one long finger inside of Will, breaching him quick and easy while playing with his nipple at the same time, Will's body responded with heated passion and a yearning for more. And when he moaned,

"*Doctor Lecter*…" to the pleasurable strokes of being fingered deeply, it was far from quiet.

Hannibal moaned too, a low rumbling sound, and it made Will feel like more of a mess than he was already, being fingered a little faster and pushing back into it while Hannibal nosed his way past Will's loose and crooked shirt collar to kiss and suck at the side of his neck and his shoulder. All the sensory input was making him dizzy but it was more than welcome, especially when the Doctor gruffly informed him that,

"I prefer it when you say my name, Will…" and added a second finger into the tight clench of Will's asshole. Will's body trembled and his mouth hung open, his rectum squeezing and sucking Hannibal's fingers in as he dragged his tongue over his lips and moaned the older man's name loudly.

"Hannibal!" it came out louder than when he'd been pretending. Additionally, Will subconsciously noted, it sounded more genuine when it was in fact genuine; the raw tenor, tremor and gravelly

rasp of his voice, the desperate arousal interlaced with the vowels and consonants of the unusual name, the legitimate lack of breath in his lungs.

He was still gripping the headboard and was unaware –for the moment- of the occasional thud of it against the wall due to the slight rocking of their shifting bodies as Hannibal fingered his hole skillfully and quickly in and out and with wide scissoring motions to stretch Will for him. And Will was moving with him, pressing back into his chest, arching his hips and sliding his own free hand over Hannibal's on his chest to follow the man's touches and caresses.

He took control of the Doctor's hand, caressing himself how he liked it, smoothing Hannibal's hot hand over his chest and clavicle, up over his throat and down again to his lower abdomen, to his cock, and he turned his head to kiss at Hannibal's face, snatches of his lips and breath; he wanted the man's mouth on his own desperately. He was about to second guess himself, thinking '*maybe Hannibal doesn't want to kiss me'*, but then their deep breaths came together and a moment later, at the same time as Hannibal penetrated him with three fingers, Hannibal's open mouth covered his own and he swallowed Will's resulting –loud- moan into a sloppy, tongue filled kiss. It was at an awkward angle, pressing Will's specs crooked on his face and leaving excess moisture behind, but neither of them cared as they continued to kiss each other deeply.

Will was very pleasantly surprised by the hunger of the kiss, the *passion* in it that he hadn't expected Hannibal to feel for him, and he kissed back eagerly, taking in the sounds of their clashing breaths, the stick of their wet kisses and the squelching of Hannibal's three fingers moving faster in and almost all the way out of his hole, creating a lovely tingle of pleasure and pain to the sensitive nerves of his rim and rectal walls.

His insides were alight with heat and arousal and a certain sense of euphoria clouded his mind, the mixing tension and ease of it making his cock strain into the open air as he caressed his tightening balls with the Doctor's pliant hand. And when Hannibal finally rubbed careful fingers over his prostate, Will let out a winded, shout of a moan and bit at Hannibal's lower lip before licking over it a second later like a playful, unapologetic cat.

"Do that again…" he breathed out demandingly and Hannibal did, so Will moaned again and leaned his head back, "…aah, fuuck, Hannibal, unff…" Will bit his own lip as the older man continued to stimulate his prostate over and over then. And where at first it hadn't been enough, it very suddenly felt like too much and Will clenched his hand around Hannibal's where they'd settled, fingers interlocked, on his inner thigh, "…'kay, s'enough, or I'll come."

Hannibal made a pleased throaty sound at Will's admission and sucked a kiss against Will's jaw line that was sure to leave a very obvious mark,

"I want to make you come, Will." Hannibal said gruffly and Will made a quiet keening noise as he grinned, loving how Hannibal sounded talking to him like that, so he responded in kind, voice less baritone than it usually was at the level of pleasure he was experiencing,

"I want that too…" he clenched his stretched rectum around the fingers inside him, "…but I want to come with your cock inside me."

Hannibal hummed aggressively then and it was loud, loud enough to Will that he realized his own voice was probably even louder at its slightly higher pitch. He felt a new wave of flush come over him, but he supposed it was silly to feel embarrassed about the volume of their voices when it'd been what he wanted the receptionist to hear to begin with. The awkwardness faded fast at least,

when he gripped the headboard with both hands again as Hannibal shifted behind him, causing it thump against the wall as he re-balanced himself on the wobbly, creaking mattress, and Will promptly decided he didn't give a fuck about any of it.

Let the homophobic bitch hear them.

Will was breathing excitedly and in shaken rushes and gasps, anticipating what would come next as Hannibal's fingers left his body and he felt his pants shoved a little further down his legs. He leaned forward more then, ass exposed and available to Hannibal in that position, but it wasn't enough, because Hannibal instructed him to,

"Open your legs wider." and Will felt his hole clench and relax, winking sporadically with the arousal that pulsed through him from hearing the authoritative words. He did exactly as Hannibal said, widening his legs as much as his pants would allow.

It still wasn't enough apparently, and with more hurried but rather organized movements, Hannibal had him lifting each knee as the Doctor maneuvered the pants off Will's thighs and down over his knees and calves, right off his ankles and then Hannibal shifted, pushing both of Will's shirts up and leaning over enough to press kisses and little bites to Will's lower back, into the dip of his spine, over his hips and the rise of his ass.

"Fuck…" Will exhaled, steaming up his crooked glasses and loving the feeling of Hannibal's large, hot hands splayed on his hips.

Hannibal was back up a moment later, and the last button of Will's flannel shirt was snapped open before the collar was pulled back so it was between his shoulder blades, leaving the sweat sheened line of his neck and his nape free to be kissed, licked and nuzzled at with more affection and desire than Will had thought Hannibal could have for the likes of him.

The senselessly pleasured noises and heavy breathing eased for moment then when Hannibal spoke soberly against the shell of his ear,

"We don't have a condom." he said sounding like he'd been internally debating bringing it up from the start, even right then when he'd pushed his underwear down and was lathering his large, hard cock up with a thick layer of hand cream. Will clenched his eyes shut and swallowed thickly, because he knew better than to have sex without protection, of course he did…but he also felt like in some clearly specific cases, like right then, it could be deemed *circumstantial*. And surely Hannibal thought so too, because otherwise he wouldn't already be sliding the thick length of his cock between Will's firm ass cheeks and letting the smooth, sticky, leaking head catch of the rim of his hole each time.

Maybe it was just an excuse, but it was one that Will –and apparently Hannibal too- would live with making.

"Aaah, Christ…" Will hesitated still, reaching down and stroking his own cock a few slow times, the buildup in his tightened, painfully heavy balls making him eager for a mind-blowing release, "…fuck it." he huffed and smiled twitchily, pressing back onto Hannibal's teasing cock when the head skimmed his rim again, and it pressed inside just so, just a little bit inside. Hannibal grunted, exhaling tensely and Will reached back to slide a damp palm over the man's lean hip, "I haven't had sex in over a year, Hannibal," he confessed, feeling Hannibal press in a little deeper, opening his hole up around the fat blunt tip of his erection, "…hmmm, and I…seriously doubt…you've

ever been near an STD outside of…" a little deeper inside, the tension of the stretch, the beginning of an ache "…of patient test results." he exhaled the last word on a high note, bearing down as Hannibal gave in and gave it to him, pressing the full, rounded head of his cock past the first ring of resisting muscle of Will's quivering anus.

Hannibal chuckled at the end of a low moan, the sound deep and with a sexy vibrato that Will felt through his body and up to the tip of his painfully hard cock,

"Clever boy…" the Doctor breathed against his ear, and then he was pressing in steadily, no longer just breaching, but sliding in and opening Will up. The second ring of muscle gave easily to the pressure and to Hannibal's girth, making Will's breath catch. And the deeper the older man's cock slid into him, the less he was able to take a breath, eyes clenching shut and mouth falling open to a short broken moan only when he was filled deep enough that he felt violated in the best possible way, rectal walls spasming around Hannibal and his body titillated with pleasure from the weight of the older man's cock resting against his prostate and making his insides feel sore and vulnerable.

It felt really fucking good though and it was something of a revelation at his 34 years age to know that it felt that good. Will had only ever had sex with another man once *years* ago, but he didn't remember it feeling so good to be penetrated, to be filled up so much that it *hurt* just a little, deep inside and around the rim of his stretched hole. Perhaps it hadn't been the right time in his life then, or perhaps it just hadn't been the right man.

But by the time Hannibal was all the way in, Will couldn't keep his thoughts straight, his body overrun with so many good sensations, his legs feeling weaker and tingly and even the coarse poking of Hannibal's pubic hair to the sensitive globes of his ass made him leak fresh pre-come.

"Oh, *fuck*…Hannibal…" he leaned his head against the ugly orange wall, his grip tight against the headboard, specs barely staying on his sweat damp nose, "…so good… I can't…" he groaned, feeling raw with honesty, frowning with the charge of his feelings.

Having Hannibal's warm, hot and hard body above him, against him and inside him reminded Will of just how deprived of touch, affection and wanting company he really was. And it made him feeling a brief pang of misery over the state of his life, but with the first deep-press of Hannibal's cock into him, his thoughts scattered, he moaned tremulously and all he knew was how good it felt to have Hannibal's dick throbbing and hot inside his ass, the man close and breathing and desiring and *not letting go*.

Hannibal was breathing heavily, just as Will was, and Will appreciated that he started his thrusts slowly, pressing forward and drawing back out so little that he barely moved at all, but Will still felt it acutely, the stretch and friction that still put pressure on his sensitive prostate without being abrupt and jarring, stroking noticeably against the walls of his rectum and past the clinging stretch of his hole.

Will turned his head and leaned back as the pace of the thrusts settled in and there was more kissing then, Hannibal's lips tasting his own and then the skin of his throat in between sucks and strokes of their tongues. Each breath and kiss complemented the small firm pull and push of the older man's hips and the shaken noises Will couldn't help making at each subtle shock of pleasure inside him. But it built up quickly the looser Will's rectum became and soon, after some excruciatingly good long minutes, Hannibal was thrusting in at a fast paced rhythm, every backwards slide of his cock followed up by a firm thrust in again, slapping their skin together in countable, punctuated smacks and bumping Will forward.

Hannibal's hands, strong and damp, were grasping and sliding against Will's hips, holding onto him as much as moving him forwards and backwards in time with his thrusts, and Will's 'aahs' 'fucks' yeses' and 'hms' were completely unchecked and wanton now, resonating around the room…just as clearly as the thudding of the headboard and the creaking of the mattress under their knees.

Hannibal sped up a little more without warning, moving faster and harder, Will now feeling close to drooling because he couldn't keep his mouth closed for very long, and as the older man stroked his wide splayed hands up over the stretch of Will's pale, muscled torso, he grunted out,

"You…are….so tight…" dragging his hands back down again in a firm caress.

And Will loved it, loved the dark husk of the Doctor's voice telling him his ass was nice and tight for him. He didn't bother to check his words or his voice when he responded between each thrust that made him hot and weak and had him keening and shaking,

"…not…your, umf, hah, cock…s'just big…hmmuh…" he gasped, exhaling and moaning again, specs slipping further down his nose.

Hannibal growled and rammed into him then, once, twice, three times hard and firm and tense, effectively jarring the glasses off Will's face as he fell forward with an indecent and wobbly shout of pleasure, and then Hannibal stopped altogether. Panting loudly, Will felt himself clenching and spasming around the big, throbbing cock inside him as he whined out the words '*motherfucker*' under his breath, slowly coming down from the hot blinding onslaught of prostate stimulation.

Then he felt Hannibal shifting behind him…and what came next was *glorious*.

The Doctor had shifted his position, had pressed and angled his weight downwards over Will, grasped his hips tightly and when he next began to thrust with hard and fast and smooth liquid rolling thrusts of his hips, all Will felt was molten, singing pleasure blooming, permeating and rushing from inside his rectum outward. It moved all the way through him fast and wrecking, to his shaking, tingling extremities, and he moaned loudly enough, and so many punctuated times, that he was sure even the rooms besides the reception would hear just how good he was getting fucked.

The desperately shaken sounds of his own moans surprised and liberated him, along with the clapping of their skin which came quick and certainly loud now, Hannibal reaming his ass with perfect precision, making his sensitive prostate feel tender and his passage feel more and more vulnerable and loose, gaping, slick and wet as it was with Hannibal's pre-ejaculate aiding each thrust. The headboard thumped and banged, the mattress creaked and popped, Will 'aaah'd' and cursed and leaked from his florid, hard and neglected cock while Hannibal grunted and panted and left bruises on his waist and hips and sucked kisses against the side of his bared neck.

But if Will had thought the delirium of pleasure and rapidly oncoming orgasm couldn't get better, he was wrong.

Hannibal made it better when he dug his fingers into Will's hips and started to pull him backwards *hard* into every rolling, snapping thrust of his pelvis, causing Will's hands on the headboard to judder it louder and causing his voice to catch on his next loud broken moan, his mouth hanging soundlessly and breathlessly open as Hannibal leaned forward and spoke huskily into his ear,

"Feels-good?" his words were spoken low and sexy, his accent was thicker and his lips were moist and sticky against Will's ear. And Will could only nod unevenly, his mouth still hanging open as he breathlessly and twitchily chanted the words,

"Yesyes…aahah…*yesyes…y-**yesyes***." his voice stuttering and words faltering with the tempo of Hannibal ceaselessly fucking into him.

"*Tell me*." Hannibal gasped gruffly against his ear, and Will could feel the Doctor's teeth against the delicate skin of his ear and he knew the man was smiling.

Will smiled too, drunk on pleasure, moaning almost soundlessly, moving himself backwards onto Hannibal's deeply satisfying cock, and he tipped his head back enough to vocalize loudly just how good it felt,

"…feels good, uun, you feel…aaah, so, haah, neeeed it…" Hannibal bit lightly at his earlobe and growled, making Will quiver harshly as his cock strained and wept and his balls felt too, too tight. Everything was so warm and open and Hannibal was moving faster, their skin slapping lewdly and loudly, every thrust so accurate, making Will lose the last of his sense, "uh, fuck, fuck, fuck, **fuck**, **Hannibal**, uuuh, yes! Har…harder! Uuuhn…"

His forehead nearly hit the wall with the next thrust, Will having to bring one hand up from the headboard quickly to slap it to the wall for balance, and the thrusts that followed left him shaking and sweating and mindless, completely high on pleasure and voiceless save for a few choked and strangled attempts to moan through his open mouth. All he could do was *take it*, Hannibal was doing all the work and the only reward Will could think of –that was probably selfish in the end- was to have the good Doctor come inside him hard and deep.

He was just about completely gone and was just waiting for his orgasm to fuck him up all the way, when Hannibal's hands left his hips; one sliding into and snatching his curls to yank his head back just so, eliciting another strained moan and louder slack mouthed pants and gasps from him. And also bending his back and forcing a deeper arch there, which applied more sweetly torturous pressure to his prostate with every thrust.

And as for Hannibal's other hand, it wrapped tightly and steady around Will's untouched cock and *stroked*.

"Jeee-uuuuh-ssssss….fuuuu-aaaaah-ah-aaah…Haann-uuh…" was the only sound that Will heard, his own raw voice, pitching fully vocal moans to the wall and ceiling for the next few seconds as he came copiously and uncontrollably in several thick spurts, his abdomen and balls contracting from the torrent of forceful pleasure that shook his insides and released ejaculate from his roughly stroked cock before he'd even registered it happening. The powerful sensation of his orgasm turned his voice to a pathetic, quavering whine and his limbs to jelly, his fingertips turning white from his grasp against the headboard, while he reached his other hand back to slap against Hannibal's still rapidly thrusting hip.

Hannibal did not stop though, despite Will's almost sobbing moans of oversensitivity and tight grasp on his hip, and he was right **not to**, because Will dug his fingernails into Hannibal's flesh and pulled him *forward*, encouraging him to move *in* and *hard* and to,

"Come, cuh, come inside me, aahaah…"

Hannibal let go of his hair then and Will hung his head dizzily, feeling his clenching rectum holding sucking-tight onto the Doctor's cock with every thrust in, hurting so good and making it difficult for Hannibal to pull out, "Hannibal, please, yes, come, Hanni-bal…" he huffed out, half smiling and boldly smacking and clutching tighter to the older man's hip as he said his name again.

Hannibal's next few thrusts became quick and erratic, signaling that he was right there on the cusp of his orgasm. The slapping of their skin lost rhythm and tempo then, and all of their heated sounds conjoined with their breathing and grunting, all culminated beautifully as Hannibal came with deep, harsh and unsteady exhales mixed in with an awed groan of Will's name as he pistoned into Will with absent, reckless and rough determined abandon for a few very intense seconds.

Will barely made a sound through the physically aggressive force of Hannibal's orgasming thrusts, clenching his eyes shut and breathing loudly over his spit damp open lips, bracing himself against the rattling headboard and the wall as best he could as Hannibal finished inside him, *deep* and *wet* and rough and exactly how Will had wanted it.

It felt so good, the hot and wet heat of it, that Will's loins *ached*, and he swore that he could feel more come dribble from his own cock as an aftershock of pleasure and emotional satisfaction rippled through him, clenching him up inside and making him rock his hips back into Hannibal's stilled hips wantonly; the curve of his ass fitting so perfectly into the spoon of Hannibal above and over him.

Hannibal, panting and sated and trembling lightly as well, was barely holding his weight up anymore, balancing unsteadily on his knees on the creaky mattress with his chest nearly pressed flush against Will's back, but he had his right -come soiled- hand pressed into the bed beneath them for balance while his left hand was grasping damply at Will's hip.

He was still inside Will too, and Will felt ridiculously clingy for wishing it hadn't ended so soon, and for wanting to remain connected for a while longer. It was the best and most intense sex and *orgasm* he'd had in years –if not *the* best he'd ever had- and it having been with Hannibal somehow made it better, but now it was over, likely never to be repeated and that fact was starting to sink in along with the rest of his grim reality. Will honestly doubted that Doctor Lecter was likely to want this with him more than once, he'd probably satisfied whatever curious attraction he'd been developing or harboring and would be looking to move on and forget about it completely. Right?

Will was, after all, used to being considered interesting and intriguing up to a point…never likeable for very long.

He tried not to overthink it though, allowing himself to just enjoy the incredible ending to a really shitty day…or a year actually. Maybe longer. Damn, he already missed the press and heat and intense intimacy of the sex, and Hannibal hadn't even left his body yet.

Speaking of which, Hannibal's cock had softened enough that it slipped out of Will's slick, loose hole right then and he felt it, he felt a subtle ache inside and around his rim, but he didn't grimace. Instead Will moaned breathily and soft, his stretched anus clenching at the loss and the wetness of Hannibal's come trickling out of him was a sensation that sent another ache of arousal through his loins and into his own soft dick.

God, he would miss it, touch and sensation, the warmth, desire and attraction….the smell of Hannibal too, actually specifically the smell and taste and sound of Hannibal.

Hannibal leaned back and kneeled up just then, and Will exhaled a shaky breath, letting go of Hannibal's hip and the headboard as he lowered himself, dropping down to rest his forearms on the soiled pillows where his equally soiled spectacles were laying. He smiled to himself at the twinge of pain he felt in his lower half, grateful for the consolation that his ass would definitely hurt for the next couple of days at least. He found he was looking forward to the reminder that he'd had sex

with Hannibal, that he wouldn't be left wondering if he'd just graphically dreamed it, or be able to easily forget that it'd happened.

That thought came with the personal admission that he'd liked Hannibal for a while since they'd met, as much as he'd banished the awareness of it to his subconscious for so long, it was true.

Will was drawn from his thoughts, aroused and surprised too, when Hannibal, still kneeling behind him, palmed the globes of his ass, parting his cheeks briefly as if he were looking at his handy work and the mess he'd made. The jolt of arousal Will experienced made him shiver again and he blushed hotly and smiled into the hidden space between his arms as he felt his anus clench and relax under the attention of Hannibal's gaze, more of the older man's semen leaking out of him as a result, his regulating breaths briefly speeding up again, heart pounding.

"Hmmm." Hannibal hummed in obvious appreciation, both hands moving on Will's body now, firmly caressing over the smooth, damp skin of his flanks and back, further down over his hips and thighs, warm large hands touching and memorizing, and Will smiled wider, appreciating the appreciation of his body, rarely as he experienced it.

It was another few seconds of caressing that passed before Hannibal shifted, settling to lie down. Will did likewise then and settled on his stomach, moving his glasses aside, stretching to set them on the nightstand. He was pleasantly confused though, when as he was about to settle down again, Hannibal smoothed a palm into the dip of his lower back and onto his hip before gently –as if to let Will know it was his choice- settled his hand there and tugged lightly, urging Will to move backwards, to turn over, to face him.

Will was surprised, but very happy about it, so he didn't question anything and instead just went with it. He wasn't graceful or liquid in his movements, but he managed to roll over –more or less out of his own jizz- to face Hannibal without too much mattress creaking. And once he was facing the Doctor, close enough to be pressed into his warm side and just shy of lying his head on his shoulder, Hannibal smiled at him just so…and leaned in to kiss him.

Will inhaled deeply into the pressing kiss, feeling all kinds of good things, feeling them all kinds of deeply, at Hannibal kissing him in the aftermath of their spontaneous sexual romp. It made it feel like it meant more than just a way and means of getting off that night, like Hannibal *actually* did like him more than Will had assumed. And the kiss, slow and deep and nicely interspersed with tongue and breaths and quiet hums and sounds emitted by both of them -Hannibal's deep and sensual, Will's breathy and content-, implied as much too.

Will had never been very good at reading Hannibal with his empathy, but he hoped that the vibes of mutual attraction he was getting right then were real, because it felt good to lay against Hannibal's side; against the Doctor's hard, lean body with his head pillowed against a firm shoulder, inhaling the scent of Hannibal's natural musk mixing with sweat and his deodorant and sex, heady and pleasant, and tasting the older man's lips, licking into his mouth languidly, their warm lips meshing and sliding so well together, sucking and clinging and sticky…

After a blissful while, the kiss drew to a natural end and with half-lidded eyes, Will was amazed at how comfortable he felt laying that way, in such close proximity and looking directly into Hannibal's dark unrevealing eyes.

He felt content and relaxed and safe and wanted…and he felt sleepy like he never usually did every night of his life.

Naked, sexed up and about to be asleep in bed with his unofficial psychiatrist; Will couldn't remember ever feeling better.

Hannibal wet his lips with a slow swipe of his tongue then, smirking devilishly, hair loosed from its usual style and falling across his forehead, he looked so darkly handsome, and Will shivered pleasantly and sighed with a smile of his own at the feeling of the older man's fingers trailing softly down and up along his spine. It felt so intimate that Will could have believed they'd had sex many times before.

They laid quietly breathing for a long while, eyes drifting closed, Will enjoying the residual feelings coursing through his body in the aftermath of exceptional sex. Some of his more unused muscles were a little sore, likely to be far worse tomorrow, and there was tingling over his skin wherever Hannibal had kissed and nipped and marked him, also there was a pleasant sensitivity between his buttocks, where his stretched hole was still swollen and wet, easing closed gradually but pulsing with a vague ache each time his heart beat and his blood pumped.

The physical awareness he experienced of his own body suddenly made him feel unsure about everything that had just happened and where it would lead to, where he wanted it to lead to, and he breathed out,

"Hannibal, I…?" trailing off uncertainly, but he was sure his tone hinted at the question he wanted to ask, hinted at his intimate and personal concerns. He wasn't even sure what he wanted from the Doctor right then; reassurance, or confirmation of deeper feelings, but before he could say anymore, Hannibal pressed a kiss to his damp, sweaty forehead,

"Sleep now, Will, we'll talk about this tomorrow, or even the day after," he spoke softly against Will's skin, "there is no hurry." he finished calmly, and while Will's eyes had slid open, he let them fall closed again and inhaled deeply, allowing Hannibal's firm and sure voice and comforting close presence to ease his stress and relax his racing mind.

And he fell asleep like that not too long after.

He woke up just like that a few hours later…to the sound of knocking on the door.

Will had been so exhausted he hadn't moved in his sleep, and so by extension, neither had Hannibal, and he was about to fall back asleep, comfortable as he was, but he lifted his head with an abrupt jerk when there were more solid knocks laid into the door.

He could feel that he'd been drooling slightly and he knew his hair was probably not in the best state, but Will was proud of himself that he failed to feel self-conscious when he raised his eyes and looked at Hannibal who was awake as well, the older man seemingly more awake than he was. Will wasn't really surprised that the Doctor looked rather nicely kempt even after the previous night of vigorous sex, but he was surprised, and *relieved*, that Hannibal still looked pleased with their situation, and not at all like he was battling with any regrets.

That relieved Will greatly, since his own thoughts and feelings were so far from regret it would be embarrassing if Hannibal could see them, could see how quickly he was taken in and falling for the older man.

He'd almost forgotten about the knock on the door, absorbed as he was in waking up to the sight of Hannibal Lecter next to him in bed, but then the knock came again, firmer, louder. Will was

mentally betting, as he rolled his eyes, that it was the stupid receptionist there to throw them out now that she felt sure the nightmare sex she'd likely have mental scars of for the rest of her life, was over.

He was feeling very smug about it all, right up until the moment the person behind the knocking spoke up, and instantly his stomach dropped out, leaving him feeling hot with panic and shock.

"Uh, Will, it's almost seven and Jack said he wanted us back in Virginia as soon as possible to process the evidence," **Beverly Kats** said, and Will sat up quickly, face hot with blush. He froze again, like an animal afraid to make another sudden movement in case it alerted the predator outside the door to his particular placement, "he's been trying to call you." she added, and Will stared at the door wide-eyed, wondering where his phone had ended up last night.

He was about to crawl out of the bed and onto the floor *quietly*, to find his pants when a very amused sounding Beverly spoke up again.

"He calmed down when I told him I knew where you were, and that I'd wake you up, since we were, uh, neighbors last night." and all Will could do was go from blushing to pale and back again, his mouth slowly opening to a silent, lung aching scream of embarrassment over what she had *obviously* heard the night before.

He felt Hannibal sit up slowly next to him, the older man's warm, firm hand sliding up his naked back under his shirt in an attempt to be *comforting*. But it didn't help, especially since Beverly cleared her throat and added,

"Oh, and sorry to disturb you, Doctor Lecter." with a fucking *smile* in her voice.

There was a beat of silence in which Will bled out mortification, recalling all of the loud lewd things he'd said the night before, and then he blanched when, in a sleep rasped –oh so sexy voice-, Hannibal said,

"It's no problem Miss Katz, we'll be along shortly."

Will whipped around to glare at him incredulously.

"Sure thing!" Beverly all but giggled and Will turned again to glare at the door even as he heard the sound of her low heels clipping against the concrete as she walked away.

There was nothing for it though, the proverbial cat was out of the god damned bag, before Will had even figured out what fucking *cat it was*, and all he could do was groan out a blasphemous curse while Hannibal fucking Lecter chuckled softly beside him. Will lifted his head and turned to look at the Doctor with a worried frown, but he couldn't help smiling too as his eyes met Hannibal's, feeling good in spite of the mortification, because even though the entire BSU –and possibly all of Quantico- would know they'd slept together by the afternoon, Hannibal still didn't seem to bear any regrets.

In fact he seemed amused and almost delighted in the way he was smiling mischievously at Will right then, who gave exactly zero resistance when the older man leaned in to him, pressed him back down to lay on the bed and rolled on top of him…distracting Will from his concerns of judgment and embarrassment with a deliciously eager, jaw cracking kiss.

And yeah, it barely took a minute for Will to stop caring about *anything* beyond Hannibal's mouth and hands and body, his mind blissing over with pleasure, his final coherent thought being, *'...yup, absolutely nothing for it.'*

End Notes

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